

THE LIGUORIAN



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ONE READER SAYS:

"I consider it easily the best Magazine of its class. And you may be sure it is anxiously awaited each month."

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THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

VOL. XVII

APRIL, 1929

No. 4

Easter Thoughts

Mother of Jesus, when waiting in tears
In the shadow of Calvary,
Didst banish thy fears and turn to those years
Of the Childhood He spent with thee?

Mother of Jesus, that sorrowful night
When sadly thou'dst laid Him away,
Did thy heart take flight from Calvary's height
To His Coming on Easter Day?

Mother of Sorrows in thy humble room
Had joy of all memories died?
Did thy heart in gloom fare forth to His tomb
And dwell with him there side by side?

Mother of Jesus I ask not in vain.
These answers, O why do I seek?
I bitter complain, deep laden with pain,
A coward, full weary and weak.

Mother of Sinners, hence Mother to me,
My courage and strength are nigh gone:
I cling then to thee in hope I may see
That Jesus will come with the Dawn.

—James Smiley, C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

IN THE FOOTSTEPS OF ST. FRANCIS

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

The driver turned off the main thoroughfare of Assisi and down one of the steep cobbled side streets, where presently he stopped and announced, *Domus Paterna*. Father Timothy Casey and his companion Lawrence Dwyer stepped out of the *carozza* and stood gazing up at the building.

"Look here, Father Tim," cried Dwyer, "this is a church. We ordered that bandit of a coachman to drive us to the place where St. Francis was born. I do not remember much about his history, but I know he wasn't born in a church. This native is spoofing us."

"Now, Lawrence, do not blame the poor coachman for what happened centuries before he saw the light of day. This is the place where the Saint was born, but the house, his paternal home, was wrecked, and this church was built on the ruins. After we go inside, we shall see, in the basement walls of the church, some remnants of the old dwelling."

"So this is where he was born. And from here I suppose he went over to that big monastery, we saw on the way up, and joined the monks."

"No, he did not; for the sufficient reason that there was no monastery there nor no monks—nothing but a bare, ghostly hill outside the city walls, where thieves and assassins were hanged. Everybody shunned the place; indeed, they held it in such horror that they called it *Colle dell'Inferno*, which means, the Hilltop of Hell. Francis said that was just the place for the scum of the earth like himself, and his dying request was to be buried there."

"Did they do as he asked?"

"Eventually, yes."

"Padre, this is growing interesting. Tell me more about it."

"There is no use telling you anything—you will not understand it, unless you put yourself in a sympathetic frame of mind, unless you forget airplanes and automobiles, Michigan Avenue and Wall Street, and go back in imagination three hundred years before America was discovered."

"I'm there, Father Tim. Now, let's go."

"Good. And so we find ourselves about the year twelve hundred in the ancient city of Assisi,—Assisi, standing on her mountain height, proud and stately as a queen, glorifying in her noble traditions, strong in her high walls, her battlemented towers, and her bold cavaliers, defying the attacks of hostile neighbors, reigning benignly over this broad and fertile Umbrian plain. It was an honor to be one of the outstanding citizens of this venerable city, and such was the rich merchant, Peter Bernardone. On this very spot stood his princely house. Above were the halls and dwelling rooms, below, the shops and strong rooms, stored with silk and damask and cloth-of-gold, which he supplied to noble lords and ladies of all the surrounding country and even to those of distant France. It was an honor to be the son and heir of the merchant Bernardone, an honor to be the leader and guiding spirit of all the dashing young cavaliers of this proud city, and such was Giovanni Bernardone. And after this young man had journeyed into France to broadcast the merits of his father's establishment and had mastered the language of that foreign country, his admiring companions affectionately dubbed him, 'Frenchy' or 'Francis.' From that day forward he has been known as Francis, and the countless multitude that donned his uniform and mustered beneath his banner have been known as Franciscans."

"But, Padre, he had another name, Poverello, the little poor man of Assisi. There is little so far to show that he had a right to it."

"Precious little, indeed. In fact, he rode better horses, wore richer clothes, gave more sumptuous balls and banquets than any other cavalier in Umbria. Old Man Bernardone would storm about his extravagance, more befitting the son of a king than the son of a merchant, yet he was too proud of the boy to put his foot down firmly and stop his squandering. But even at the height of his wild, gay career, two things could always be said of Francis Bernardone: he led a clean life, and he was good to the poor. As a reward, God tried to speak to his heart. But the popular hero, deafened by worldly noise, feasting every day and dancing every night, can scarcely hear or heed the whisperings of grace. However, one spell of forced retirement, while he was a prisoner of war in the rival city of Perugia (you can see the outlines of Perugia's towers on that hill to the west), and another spell of forced retirement, while he lay on a sick bed here in his father's house, gave him a chance to listen to that interior voice. Finally, the great day came when even his

bodily ears heard the command from heaven, as he knelt on the broken pavement of the crumbling Church of San Damiano. But let us follow him there. Coachman, to San Damiano."

The driver, who had been enjoying a quiet siesta, jerked up the reins, cracked his whip, and shouted to the little horse, which, like its master, had been enjoying a quiet siesta. Down the slippery stones they clattered at a pace that threatened to throw carozza and cargo over the retaining wall. The way brought them almost the entire length of the city and out through the opposite gate. Every few moments they would pass some little side street, that went winding and climbing among the quaint old stone houses until it could wind and climb no more, then it changed from a street into a flight of steps and vanished through some carved, moss-covered archway. Dwyer was for stopping at once to explore these charming mediaeval byways. Father Casey, on the contrary, held strong for "one thing at a time," nor would he make an exception even when they passed before the pagan temple of Minerva, dating back before the time of Christ, the best preserved temple front in all Italy. Once outside the city gates, the descent grew every minute steeper and steeper.

"Does this charioteer mean to murder us?" queried Dwyer. "The next thing we know, chariot and all will go toppling over the pony's head."

"Do not worry," returned the priest. "He will give us ample warning to get out and walk." Which the driver immediately did, with profuse gestures of regret that it was impossible for the horse to descend further and have any chance of climbing back to the top of the hill again.

"After all," remarked Father Casey, "it is more fitting that we should come on foot along the way Francis Bernardone trod on that eventful day." After a short pause he continued, "His great soul had grown to realize more and more that finite joys and honors could never satisfy its hunger for the infinite. During one of these spells of dissatisfaction and incertitude, he strolled out alone along this rocky path winding down through the olive groves. The way led, then as now, past the portal of this little church dedicated to San Damiano. It was a poor, rude church, desolate, wellnigh abandoned, falling into ruin. It was more calculated to repel than attract a man of the artistic taste and training of Francis Bernardone. Yet an interior inspiration

urged him to enter. The place was deserted—he was as much alone with God as if he were in the midst of the desert. Looking about, he saw, on the dilapidated wall, an image of the Crucified Redeemer. One great desire seized him—to learn God's will, to know what God wanted him to do. Prostrate before the image of his dying Saviour, three times he repeated a prayer. But come inside, and we can see the exact words."

"There, by the dim light of a taper, they read the fervent appeal that had come from the depths of his troubled heart: "Oh do Thou, great God of glory, and Thou, my Lord Jesus Christ, deign to enlighten me and dissipate the darkness of my spirit. Give me pure faith, firm hope, and perfect love. Make me know and do all duties by Your light and in conformity with Your holy will. Amen."

"Three times," said Father Casey, "Francis prayed thus; he waited expectantly. Three times, God spoke in reply: 'Francis, go and repair my house, which, as you see, is falling into ruin.'"

"Father, is this the crucifix that spoke to him?"

"No; but this is the spot where it was. The crucifix itself was carried from here by the Daughters of St. Francis, the Poor Clares, to their convent within the city. We shall see it at the Church of St. Clare."

"Repair My house? That meant, repair this church, did it not?"

"So Francis understood the command," replied the priest. "In reality, our Lord referred to the Church Universal, which was indeed falling into ruin, because everywhere Christians were giving their hearts to the things of this world, to pleasure and ambition and riches, rather than to the things of God. His real command to Francis was to go and save the Church by recruiting the great army of Franciscans. These passionate lovers of Christ-like poverty were to penetrate to the four corners of the earth and be living sermons calling men's minds back to the great truth, that the goods of this world are mire, that nothing can satisfy the human heart but the treasure that is in heaven."

"Since that is what our Lord meant, why did He allow Francis to misunderstand?"

"Because Francis had to pass through his novitiate of trials and disillusionments. It is only thus that souls are chastened and prepared to achieve great spiritual victories."

"And what did he do?"

"The same as always—followed his generous impulses without a moment's hesitation. He ran home, took a few bolts of goods out of the shop, mounted his horse and rode over to Foligno—where we changed cars this morning—and sold them. Straightway he came back to this church. He walked up to the poor priest in charge, who happened to be here. 'Here is the money,' he said, 'to repair the church.' The priest did not dare take it; too well he knew that a row would be raised by Old Man Bernardone. 'If you will not have it, neither will I,' cried Francis, and he threw it out the window—out this very window—and it was scattered over the steep embankment below. When his father learned what had happened, he pounced upon the young man, beat him, locked him in a vault in the cellar—you can still see the vault in the Casa Paterna—and at last, failing to make Francis abandon his strange new ideas, demanded that he renounce his inheritance. 'Gladly,' said Francis, 'what do I want with an earthly inheritance?' Together they went to the cathedral—that great church you see there towering above the town—to perform this formal act before the bishop. Francis signed away his inheritance, then remembering the very clothes he wore were part of that inheritance, he stripped them off and laid them at his father's feet. 'Until now,' he said, 'I was supported by you, my father on earth; henceforth I depend absolutely on my Father Who is in heaven.' The bishop, touched to the heart by this heroic renunciation of earthly goods, wrapped his own cloak around the naked boy, then ordered his servants to give him clothes. They offered him cast-off garments, which he accepted as an alms from God. Through the streets, where he once rode proud as a king, he now walked begging money to repair the Church of San Damiano. With his own hands he mixed the mortar and carried the stones. The reparations finished, he left the city and went down into the valley, down there near the railroad station where you see that great Basilica. In his day there was nothing but a tiny chapel built of rough field stones. It was dedicated to St. Mary of the Angels, but the peasants called it the Porziuncola, the Church with the Little Field. There two young men joined him, and the Franciscan Order was begun. Let us go down and visit it."

(To be continued.)

The saints strive after that crown of individuality which is revealed in abnegation.

Dipped From the Melting Pot

JAMES SMILEY, C.Ss.R.

It was away back in 1901 that I met Steve Gajdos and Steve was an old man then. Steve was the first man to get me interested in the Slovak nation and so I feel I owe him a debt of gratitude, because some of my happiest days and most profitable work have been due to the men and women of that nation. Of course not being overly sentimental, I shall not mention the fact that among my truest friends are some of the same race.

Steve aroused my interest, when failing in his ludicrous attempts to pronounce my American name, he informed me calmly that American names meant nothing anyway and hence were inferior to Slovak names, each of which had its special significance. When I laughingly asked Steve just what his outlandish name "Gajdos" might mean and was greeted by a roar of laughter from his fellow laborers for my pains, none joined more heartily in the mirth than old Steve himself.

"Boy!" said he in his quaint English of which, by the way, he was inordinately proud, because it gave him the distinction of being one of three men among the gang of Railroad laborers, whom the foreman could understand, "Boy, you ketch me there. I make beeg mistake when I tell you Slovak name mean something and in old country name is given man or family, either for that it shows what trade he work at like 'Furman' what mean 'Driver,' 'Lekar' what mean 'Doctor.' Or mebbe dot name she mean what family a man work for like 'Kral'—which show him work for 'King.' Or what dees fellow laugh at me for and make big joke is sometime name is give a man or family because it show what kind of fellow he is."

"Well, Steve," I smiled, "I still don't see why your name is such a joke. Tell me just what does 'Gajdos' mean."

Again the men stopped swinging their picks and burst into roars of laughter. And be it known a joke must be plain as the nose on your face and clear as daylight to make a Slovak laugh loudly. They have a peculiar sense of humor these Slavs.

Steve smiled whimsically, shrugged his shoulders and explained. "Boy, me no verstay American word for my name. Me try to show you what it mean." And Steve pursed his lips, waved his arms and

danced, while the other workmen were convulsed with mirth. I watched him puzzled for a minute and then exclaimed brightly: "Ah, Steve, I see. You were a policeman in the old country."

The other workmen howled and Steve himself doubled up with laughter. "No, no, boy; no policemen. My name is given my family for what we all got such voices what sound like rusty wheel and my grandfadder he talk-talk-talk. My name she is some kind of what you play mit mout and vind and hands. A man vot plays dees in my kontry is "Gajdos."

I racked my brain in vain. Finally Steve said something to a fellow workman and the latter going to his coat produced a greasy "Slovník" or Dictionary. Steve pawed over its pages and finally showed me smiling ludicrously that a "gajdos" was a "bag-pipe player."

Many things did Steve explain in his broken English, laboriously, albeit patiently always. It was my first job. I was working in vacation from high school and proud of my superior knowledge. Yet conceited though I was, I soon sensed something strange in the respect the other workmen showed Steve. Of course to twenty of them he was "boarding boss" which meant they paid Steve two dollars a week, not for a room, but for sleeping space and a place to park their trunk, whilst they paid share and share alike of the grocery and meat bills contracted by Steven's wife. In return for her cooking and scrubbing, and scouring, Steve's wife, Anna, received the food of the family free of charge. And Steve shared in the labor of his wife and was able to put away all his wages and whatever of the board money was left, after paying the Steel Company twelve dollars a month for rent of his six room house. So it was easily seen Steve was on his way to wealth. Besides the money his status as Boarding Boss earned Steve and his family, the position carried with it no little prestige and influence. A Boarding Boss must provide a job for his prospective boarders and, if they lose one job, seek to find them another till the immigrant has mastered sufficient English to shift for himself. The Boarding Boss in those days ruled with an iron hand.

But I am not going to give the history of Boarding Bosses nor of Steve's rise to financial glory. Suffice it to say that Steve and his wife and twelve-year-old Marenka cared for the wants of thirty boarders and the three younger children. Steve worked ten hours a day at thirteen and one-half cents per hour in the railroad yards of the steel

company and spent four or five hours after he went home regulating the affairs of his house and tending to his two cows and three pigs. As I said, what impressed me was that Steve received a respect from his fellow workmen far beyond that accorded the ordinary Boarding Boss, as I had reason to know from watching the dealings of the Slavs in the Bessemer and Blooming Mills towards their Boarding Bosses.

In fact, I soon came to realize that to the majority of the Slovak colony in Bridgeton, Steve occupied the place of guide, philosopher and friend. Slovaks, one must remember, had been imported during labor troubles to do the roughest work in the mines and mills and on the railroads. Despised therefore by the American worker, they were regarded as legitimate prey for whoever could mulct them of their earnings. Petty graft existed among the foremen, who expected to be paid for hiring a man, and even went so far as to demand a percentage of their pay for making out the men's time sheets correctly. For the summer a position had been made for me as timekeeper and book-keeper for this particular gang of one hundred yard laborers over which a red-headed Protestant Irishman was foreman, but in which Steve was really the presiding genius.

Steve Gajdos submitted perforce to petty graft on his fellows, but he would have none of it himself and knew with innate shrewdness just when to call a halt on the grasping greed of the foreman and the "big boss" or Yard Superintendent.

My coming was resented by the foreman and the superintendent because having charge of the books, making out papers for injured workmen, making out supply requisitions and the like, I cut off several prolific sources of petty income for the precious pair. Of course, I could have taken my share and divided with them, for they painstakingly explained it was a legitimate custom. However, when a workman had a finger severed by a falling rail the day after my arrival and the foreman refused to give first aid until the Slovak had paid fifty cents for the bandages which the company supplied free of charge, I had declared myself and had performed my first job of amateur surgery and gave the workman carfare to the hospital, as he was a new man and penniless. I was king in the Timekeeper's Shanty and used a pick handle to drive the foreman out of my domain, while the Slovaks, Steve included, looked on stolidly, with no apparent sign of interest.

That evening as I wended my way homeward, Steve came hurrying

along the track, hopping over the ties on his short legs with a mincing step peculiar to him.

"Hey, boy!" he called. I waited till he caught up with me.

"Hey boy," he said, "mebbe you don't care for talk Hungary mans, huh? Mebbe you tell me mind mine beesness."

"No, Steve," I replied, "what do you want to say?"

"What for you trow way good job like you got for Hungary mans, huh?"

I flared with anger. "I didn't throw away my job. Johnny is going too far. I keep my mouth shut about him taking money for letting you men work evenings and a share of your pay, if you are fools enough to give it to him. But when he refuses to tie up a man's bleeding hand, simply because the poor devil hasn't fifty cents to give him, he's going too far. He's not my boss. I take orders from General Office and not from him. I make out his pay sheet just the same as yours. Let him stay out of my shanty. Why didn't some of you hunkies pay Johnny the fifty cents, or tell him what you thought of him?"

"No can do that," grinned Steve wisely; "we do that; tomorrow mebbe, next week mebbe, Johnny lay us off. No got job. You look out, boy, dot fella get you fired."

"I'd like to see him," I answered. "I've got enough on him and Winter to have them on the carpet."

"Who goin' to prove dot?" asked Steve shrewdly.

"Why the men, of course," I answered. "They all know it."

"Yes, but good jobs like ours scarce now. Hungary mans radder pay Johnny dollar a week dan lose good job. No, no, boy. Hungary mans like you, but you lose job. Johnny fix you all right. You watch out dot fella no stop at noddings. Mebbe some night you work on books car jump track hit your shanty. Lose job is bad,—lose life is worse."

Steve proved a good prophet. I lasted six weeks on that job. One of my duties was to make out reports for General Office on wrecks that occurred in the yards. Somehow, after my tilt with Johnny, I could get no information from engineers or firemen or conductors as to how the wrecks occurred. That was easily settled, however, I simply blamed the wreck and damage on whatever engine crew was shifting cars in the yard, when the wreck happened. So the crews told the truth there—

after. But a valuable blue print was missed from my shanty and I knew I had placed it in a locked cupboard and checked its receipt. It was badly needed at once and when I could not produce it I was incontinently fired. Steve told me Johnny brought down the blue print from his home the day after I left the yards.

Such was my dealing with Steve and his fellows as overseer of their pay checks. I remember the names of Steve and two others only. The rest of the hundred men I knew only by the numbers identifying them on the payroll and likewise painted on the rear of their trousers in white letters to serve as call numbers for the doughty Johnny. Steve I remember, because he adopted me, since I was kind to the despised Hunkies, and he soon gave me an insight into the character, aims and ambitions of the Slovak, not vouchsafed Americans ordinarily in those days.

Steve invariably fell in at my side, as soon as we were at a safe distance from the gaze of Johnny at the end of the day's work. I soon came to believe from his incessant chatter that he well deserved his name of "Gajdos" or "bag-pipe player." However, I noticed also, that in the mile and a half we had to walk ere reaching our homes that Steve always managed to get some useful piece of information out of me and at the same time give me some solid homely advice. Sometimes it was an English word, he wanted to learn to pronounce, at other times it was information as to just how much power a local magistrate had over petty offenders. One day he said to me:

"Jimmy, you got no right to work for Steel Company. You should go school, you awful smart fellas."

"That's just what I intend to do, Steve," I replied. "I am working only for the summer. I want to make some money to pay my way, if I can go to college. College you know—Big School—Velika Skola."

"Yes, yes, me verstay all right. You got girl Jimmy?"

"Too young for that," I laughed. "Never thought about one."

"Dot's all right," smiled Steve. "Jimmy, I tell you somedings. "You no ought to be Doctor, Lawyer. I tink mebbe God wants you for be priest and work for Hungary mans."

I stumbled over a rail and almost fell in my amazement at Steve's words. "Who on earth told you I had an idea of becoming a priest?" I asked.

"Nobody," said Steve. "But you good boy. You no curse. You no

drink. You got plenty brains. You go church. You no listen dirty talk and ride away tell felas shut up him say dirty tings. So anybody see you should be priest. All I ask,—you be priest you remember Hungary mans,—Slovaks goot Katliks,—make goot Amerikans if some American mans—specially priest, help him. Dot's why I try help you. You come my house sometime I show you how in ole kontry I got big job on zeleny shtvrtok: dot is Big Tuesday."

"No—no, Steve," I smiled. "You mean Holy Thursday,—day of the Most Blessed Sacrament."

"Yes, dot's it. Well, in ole kontry, in parade of Holy Communion, me carry roof over God's head."

"Oh, you mean the canopy," I said.

"Say again dot word, one, two, tree time—so I learn," requested Steve.

I complied with his request and Steve proceeded to tell me how to carry the canopy was esteemed a great privilege in his country and that it was reserved for the most prominent men. One question led to another on my part and thus I discovered this poor humble laborer had been mayor of his little town in the old country and had received a gold medal from the Emperor for his wise and prudent and self sacrificing conduct during an epidemic in the town.

Interest aroused in me and the respect accorded Steve by his fellow workmen explained, I soon began to call at his home. Knowing that the little six-room house provided food and shelter for thirty-odd human beings, I confess, I entered the first time in fear and trembling. But my fears were without foundation. Anna and Marenka kept everything spotless and the boarders, too, were compelled to do their share. I was soon introduced to Slovak cookery,—tasted my first "halushky" or noodle soup and learned the delights of "goulash" or Slovak Irish Stew, to say nothing of various dainty cakes and sauces.

In a word, Steve and his family and all the boarders became my fast friends. Steve labored hard to make me learn Slovak, taught me the Hail Mary and how to say the Rosary with the family and answer the Litany of Loretto. He was quite proud of his pupil and when I left for college to begin my studies for the life of a missionary, he was as happy as though he were my own father.

Every vacation I visited him and his family. Once I asked him why he did not return to the old country, since he was wealthy and could be a power there.

"Dot's all right, Jimmy," he said, "but dees kontry better. Cisar Franz Josef him goot man, but him get old. People like old mans, but when he die, mebbe before dot come big fight,—war. Mebbe me dere, me lose ebberying. Here I free mans. My children here too get better school,—got more chance. No—no, Jimmy, me got first papers, be real American mans, and my kids all be good Americans."

Finally I rather lost track of Steve. He left the Steel Company with advancing age and started a saloon in a neighboring town. Only once I saw the old man before ordination called me away to distant fields. He beamed his joy when I spoke to him in his native tongue and told everybody: "Hey, I teach dot fella first time Slovensky words. Now by golly he speak better as I do Slovensky."

But Fate plays many tricks. Years and years after my ordination, duty called me to assist at a Missison in the very town in which old Steve Gajdos had located. On Sunday morning after my first Mass, dear old Anna, still using her multicolored kerchief as a head covering, ushered proudly into the sacristy Marenka, Marenka's husband and her brood of children, now in young manhood and womanhood, and insisted that I visit them at the first possible moment.

"All of us were at Holy Communion this Mass, Fadder," said Anna proudly, "and Mikey's and Rosie's families come next Mass. We go every Sunday. I go every day."

I learned to my sorrow Steve had died some years before.

I spoke to the pastor of the family and he told me they were all exemplary Catholics and good upstanding citizens. "But," said he, "come out to the ball game this afternoon, and you will see how the Slovaks have changed. The whole town goes to the game and the 'babichky'—'grandmothers' are the most ardent rooters the home team has. Young Steve Gajdos will probably pitch. He is in St. Viator's Seminary now and is home for vacation."

I accepted the invitation and found what the pastor said was true. Steve Gajdos, grandson of old Steve, pitched a masterly game, encouraged more or less by the vociferous shouts of the old men and women, couched now in English and now in Slovak.

After the game, I called at the Gajdos home. Needless to say I received a hearty welcome. One of the invariable customs when I had called in the old days was to visit the medal, which old Steve had received from Franz Josef and salute it with due ceremony. I asked

the old lady if she still kept it and with a tremor in her voice she answered affirmatively. The rest of the family hung back, as Anna ushered me into the parlor. The parlor seemed by common consent to be regarded as the grandmother's particular sanctuary. I entered and she threw up the shades.

Under a framed picture of the "Cisar Franz Josef," beneath which were entwined Austrian and American flags, hung old Steve's medal and a picture of my friend. But next to Steve and Franz Josef hung a picture of President Wilson. Under it too was a medal and a photograph, but an American flag only. The medal was a Distinguished Service Cross, the photo that of a young man in an American uniform.

"My Stanislav," said the old lady proudly. "He died in France. Steve, what you see pitch today, his boy.

I turned reverently from this trophy and was inclined to laugh, as my eyes fell on the next group. Under an immense likeness of Jack Dempsey was a photo of a boy in boxing costume and fastened to an American flag was an immense gold medal.

The old lady saw my smile. She grinned appreciatively.

"Fadder,—you remember Boss Johnny?"

"Of course," I replied.

"Well, dees photo is my grandson, Nick. Boss Johnny's son, him tough guy like his grandpop. Him tink him good fighter. Well, my Nicky grandson, win State Championship and dees medal from him. My Nicky knock out boss Johnny's Grandson in two round."

I laughed heartily. The old lady joined my mirth and then said soberly: "Fadder, my man Steve wise old fella. What him say come true. His time Slovaks just Slovak-Hungary mans like you call. Him believe soon be American. 'Melting pot' somebody say. I call 'halushky pot'—you know, Fadder, 'noodle soup pot.' Put in only Slovak,—let cook long enough, you dip out pretty soon good Americans all right. Look, Fadder, see,—my old mans Steve,—him American,—Stanny him good American,—all my kids good American,—so too is their kids,—Nicky,—Stevey,—Americans all."

Yes, Americans all. Bringing with them a solid faith, a sober and industrious disposition, a loyalty to ideals old or new, the despised Hunkies of a generation ago have become solid dependable citizens.

You may give a man an office, but you cannot give him discretion.

Scholar and Saint

PROFESSOR CONTARDO FERRINI

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

In July, 1882, Ferrini had to leave Berlin. Joy and sadness struggled for the mastery of his heart: he was glad that his work was done and his exile from home ended; he was sorry to leave the many warm friends he had found.

When he arrived in 1880, as we recall from his letters quoted in a previous number, he had sad forebodings,—it seemed to him almost as if he was launching on a vast and stormy sea. And now after his years at the university he was leaving with his faith strengthened, his piety deepened, his character more developed.

His friends of the Catholic University Verein called a meeting in honor of their Italian guest and celebrated his farewell with due solemnity. Ferrini always recalled with pleasure the time he spent there and the friends he found; he never ceased to admire the spirit of German Catholics, whose faith was strengthened by persecution and he wished that their Faith and courage might be copied by Catholics of Italy.

"He returned from Berlin," said Jerome Mapelli, "with his Faith certainly not shaken, but far rather invigorated."

Henceforth he was to live for the science he had adopted as his life work.

1. SCIENTIFIC WORK

After some work on ancient Roman Law of Burial, he set about one of his greatest works,—a critical edition with translation and commentary of the "Greek Paraphrase of the Institutes of Justinian." This work, attributed to Theophilus, one of the professors whom the Emperor Justinian had employed to re-edit the Corpus Juris (or Body of Roman Law), is one of the most important documents for the study of Byzantine-Roman Law. We have seen how Ferrini, while still at the University of Berlin had been led to this work by Professors Pernice and von Lintenthal; we know too how he spent his vacation at Copenhagen to study a rare manuscript of the Theophilus there.

On his return to Italy he continued this work. The Ambrosian Library at Milan preserved one of the most valuable codices and this occupied his free time. But there were other codices—at Paris, at Rome, at Firenze, at Turin—he could not rest till he had seen them all.

We have one evidence of his life and work at Paris in 1882. Henri Cochin, a member of the French Parliament, scientist and member of the French Academy, wrote of Ferrini:

"In all the milieux of science and study through which Ferrini passed while here—milieux often enough foreign and even hostile to Christian truth, this admirable believer scattered the perfume of the virtues of the Gospel, and inspired respect for his Faith and a desire to know it better. I found this remembrance of him even among colleagues who were strangers and who met Ferrini only in passing. This perfume of virtue, this atmosphere of holiness which surrounded Contardo Ferrini, and which makes one compare him with our own Ozanam, recalls what history tells us of the great servants of God."

From Paris he went to Rome, Florence, Turin and finally returned to Milan—completing his studies for the great work he intended to bring out. Unfortunately, he did not live to complete this commentary on the Theophilus—which at once made him one of the foremost authorities on Byzantine-Roman Law.

Apart from this, he published about two hundred and fifteen scientific works—books, articles for magazines, lectures to scientific societies and academies to which he belonged. His manner of life gave him immense advantages for study. On the one hand, he was more or less of a recluse—never going to theatres, dances or amusements; on the other, his habits of prayer and constant recollection gave him the clearness of vision and calmness of deliberation that enabled him to evaluate opinions and data with singular correctness.

Besides he had a passionate love for his science—Greco-Roman law. Prof. Bonfante, himself a great Romanist, at the unveiling of a monument to Ferrini, declared:

"That terrible sickness on account of which the science to which we consecrated our energies, appears at times to us empty and insipid; that discouragement, on account of which the great indifference of our country to these studies seems to us after all our only reward, Ferrini never knew, and under this aspect the influence of Contardo inspires not so much the young students as it does scholars and colleagues with gray hair and withered illusions.

"His scientific works can be assimilated fully, and we can even pass beyond them with the passing of the years and new investigations. But the moral efficacy of his work will never disappear, and it gives

one always the impression of a candor, an energy, a faith which penetrates and illumines."

His application to his studies was universally admired, while his writings soon gained for him the renown of being one of the foremost authorities in Italy.

One remark taken from a letter written to a friend, is worth quoting here to complete this picture of the Christian Scholar and scientist:

"Only in prayer do I attain real strength and dignity; if I have any initiative of character . . . , I owe it to prayer; if my studies . . . procured any results, I owe it to the benedictions of prayer. To those who reprove me (because I pray) for loss of time, I would say that owing to the consoling efficacy of prayer I need lose none in theatres, in cafes, in the thousand uselessnesses of a dissipated life,—that prayer makes one love recollection, solitude and work."

2. THE UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR

How highly his scientific attainments were rated in Italy may be seen from his career.

In 1884, the University of Pavia established a new chair, that of Exegesis of the Sources of Roman Law—the only purpose being to retain Ferrini, whose services were being asked by other schools. To this branch was added about this time that of Roman Penal Law.

In December, 1885, the University of Messina was, by government decree made a university of the first degree and they requested the Ministry of Education to send Professor Ferrini as ordinary Professor of Pandects. There he spent three years—years that he always reckoned among the happiest of his career. Among his colleagues and intimate friends here were Professors Maggi, Martinetti, Nicotra and Victor Emmanuel Orlando, the future Italian Premier. As at all the State universities, most of the professors were men, who had practically given up religious belief and practice—but Ferrini remained just as faithful and as devout as ever. "That Ferrini," they used to say good-naturedly, "made us learn over our Christian Doctrine and taught us when the vigils and the fast days occurred."

Premier Orlando, perhaps gave the best praise to the character of Ferrini, as he met him at Messina. "He never spoke to me directly about religion," he said. "Had he approached me in that way I would have been repelled. He used the best method,—a simple, straightforward, exemplary life and unvarying goodness."

No better evidence of his worth and success as a professor can be given, it seems to me, than the requests that were put in for him at the Ministry of Education. In 1889 three universities sought his services—those of Modena, Parma, and Messina. Messina made a strong plea to keep him, Parma was most insistent—but he preferred Modena, as being nearer to his home. Consequently, with great regrets he left Messina and settled at Modena. From Modena he was called to Pavia—the place he aspired to from the very beginning because it offered him the very best opportunities for the prosecution of his special studies and brought him close to his father and his home.

As a professor the outstanding characteristic of his method was his clearness. We have as testimony of this, not only the depositions of his former pupil, but the word of the foremost authority in Roman Law at that time—Professor Scialoja, who declared:

“With one voice, all, students and fellow-professors of the Universities to which he belonged, always praised his lectures as models of elegant clearness, so that even the most difficult problems seemed to be quite clear and simple through the lucid crystal of his explanation.”

Another spontaneous testimony to his success was the ovation he received in 1894—when he returned to Modena from Pavia. The occasion was the second centenary of Muratori, the great Italian savant of the seventeenth century. When Professor Ferrini, who was asked to deliver the oration on this occasion, had finished, his former students seized him, raised him on their shoulders and were ready to carry him in triumph through the applauding throng.

3. MUNICIPAL COUNSELLOR

During his professorship at Pavia, he was elected municipal councillor of Milan. This was in February, 1895. Ferrini loved his country above every earthly name and good; above that love was only his love for God and His church.

In his political career we can see how the lives of the individual Catholics were affected by the Roman Question. This is particularly interesting today in the light of the settlement so recently accomplished. It reveals to us, too, the aims the Holy Father Pius XI, had in view in reaching this settlement: not any political advantage—but simply and solely the good of the Catholic Italians and the spiritual independence of the Holy See.

Italy had arisen to independence and national unity by way of the robbery of the church and led by men who were inflamed with hatred of religion. Hence it happened that the two great loves of a noble soul: Church and Country, which should have harmonized and aided each other, in reality were in conflict in the hearts of Catholics.

Naturally this led two parties, even among Catholics—those who were more inclined toward the fatherland than to the Church and called Liberal Catholics—and those who placed God and Church over country, and were called the Intransigents. Others there were who thought it best under the circumstances to remain independent and aloof from political struggles, until reconciliation should have been affected between Church and State; among the last was Ferrini.

The spoliation of the Church was still quite recent, and feelings still very sensitive. More than once, enemies of the Church insulted her publicly without hindrance from the Government. It was such unfortunate events that made Ferrini more and more conscious that an effective independence from all temporal allegiance was necessary even for the effective spiritual primacy of the Holy See. And as Italy was, under the existing circumstances, the only one who could restore this Independence to the Pope—as she was the one who took it from him—he saw that the good of Italy as well as the Church called for some sort of an understanding between the two. This he aspired to.

When we study Ferrini's thought in the question more closely we see that the rights of the Holy See and temporal power are of two kinds. Some rest upon facts of history—principally on the fact that the Roman people finding themselves abandoned by the Emperors of Constantinople, in the face of barbarian invaders, turned to the Pontiff, recognized him as their sovereign in temporal affairs and by him were successfully defended against the barbarian hordes. Other rights, however, rest on the nature of the Roman Pontificate, as the spiritual sovereign of the Church—a worldwide, supra-national society—for the exercise of which the fullest liberty and independence is necessary. The former rights, based on historic facts, might be yielded for the good of the subjects of the Church in the Italian nation; the latter, based on the very nature of the Church, can never be yielded up. It is these latter rights Ferrini always had in mind.

A further question arises. Granting that the inviolable rights of the papacy to temporal sovereignty rest only on the necessity of the

liberty and independence required for the exercise of its spiritual offices, is the only means of saving this independence, actual temporal sovereignty over a certain amount of territory and subjects? Ferrini was not among those who held that territory and subjects were required for this independence.

On the other hand, he saw that the judge of this matter was not the despoiler, but the Pope. And hence he did not believe that the Law of Guarantees was a rightful or sufficient solution of the problem. He looked forward to something which would render the papal independence more secure—probably, giving the Law of Guarantees an international character. We can easily see how he would have rejoiced—Italian and Catholic both to the depths of his heart—in the settlement now made between the Quirinal and the Vatican.

But we have gone into this enough to illustrate the difficult position in which the Catholics of Italy were placed from 1870 to the present time.

This difficulty was felt especially at election time. When in 1870 the Italian armies marched into Rome and set up their government of force against the papal government of right, no instructions were given to Catholics as to their mode of action in political affairs. Some Catholics, therefore, set up the principle: neither elected nor electors—that is, abstention from voting and from public office. They thought by this abstention the Italian government would be forced to a settlement. How often had not the Pope been driven from Rome—yet he always returned! The past seemed to be a guarantee of the future. Others did not see eye to eye with these Catholics and voted and accepted office.

But years passed and no solution appeared. The clash of interests—each sovereign in a way—in the hearts of the Catholics—continued.

In 1886, finally, a decision came from Rome: it is not allowed to take part in the political or national elections. Ferrini declared at the time: "If that prohibition had been rigidly observed from the beginning by all Italian Catholics, the purpose intended by the Pope would surely have been attained."

But the abstention was not organized—and not obeyed by many. Consequently the effect intended was not secured—on the contrary, the Catholics who obeyed were put into a bad light. Ferrini saw the results and deplored them; but he obeyed. He saw the powers inimical

to the Church take the upper hand in politics and it hurt him; but he obeyed.

Many, even among devout Catholics, desired the recall of the policy of abstention; Ferrini was one of them. In place of the principle: neither elected nor electors,—they took as their device: Preparation in abstention,—a device that showed that they looked forward to a time when, prepared for united action, they would be permitted to take part in political elections.

Ferrini never voted, except in 1900 when Count Greppi, who had been permitted by the Holy See to sit in the Italian Parliament, was up for re-election. He considered the permission given Count Greppi to accept the nomination as a permission to vote for him; and rightly so.

In 1903 and more clearly still in 1905, Pius X, *motu proprio*, dispensed with the prohibition to vote which Leo XIII had passed—"for reasons equally grave drawn from the supreme good of society." Ferrini lived to see that day.

4. IN THE MUNICIPAL COUNCIL

But let us return to Ferrini. Catholics, as we saw were allowed to take part in municipal affairs and hold administrative office. In February, 1895, he was elected by a large vote to the Council of Milan. He took an active part in all municipal activities. At the same time he was elected to the board of education and was made examiner for University Professors. He acted as legal counsel for the Bishop and for several institutions.

"Imagine," he wrote to Professor Olivi at this time, "I have hardly had time for my meals during these days."

Such was his ceaseless activity as Professor and communal counsellor. But at the same time, his life of prayer and holiness continued. One of the best evidences of this is found in the meditations and preparations for Holy Communion which he found time, even during these active days, to write.

(To be continued.)

It is very necessary to be cheerful; but we must not on that account give in to a buffooning spirit.

Spoken words are often forgotten; but written words may live forever.

Houses

THE HOUSE THAT GOD BUILT

D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

There are houses of wood and houses of stone; houses that are built by human hands alone, and houses that man-made machines aid him to rear monumentally towards the heavens. But there are also houses that God has built and prepared far, far back in the dim reaches of His infinity, that await the human lives that are to come into them—and wind their tendrils round—and go out of only to enter into the house of their eternity.

I.

Mary Ann and Louise Mary were sisters. More than that—they were twins. They looked so much alike that everybody outside of the immediate Casey family had a hard time telling them apart. To do so, it was necessary to fix the gaze attentively on one of them and thus find or not find a tiny scar over the right eye. If you found it,—you knew you had Mary Ann, who had fallen down the four steps in front of the Casey home when she was three, and thereby been providentially given an identification mark. If you did not find it,—you made use of a thin process of reasoning and knew you had Louise Mary.

When they were five years of age they started to school. The Sister in charge took Mary Ann's name and then turned to Louise Mary.

"And what is your name?" she asked.

"Louise Mary," was the answer.

"And you're a sister of Mary Ann?"

"No, Sister!" the little head shook positively.

Oh—then a cousin?"

"No, Sister!" the head went back and forth still more emphatically.

The Sister looked appraisingly at the two children, hand in hand, dressed alike, and as similar in features as it is possible for two human beings to be. She shook her head dubiously.

"Not sisters—or cousins?" she said. "Well, what are you?"

"We're twins!" naively answered Louise Mary.

The incident was rather symbolic of the way Mary Ann and Louise Mary grew up. They were an inseparable combination, and during all the years of their girlhood life brought nothing to the one that the other did not share.

Life, however, does not always remain so impartial, and the time came when folks began to draw distinguishing lines between the two girls. When they were young, the differences in their characters were submerged in the common interests that kept them together; as they grew older, those differences began to come out into the open. Mary Ann, people finally began to say, was of the flighty, happy-go-lucky, sunshiny type; good looking, and just enough aware of the fact not to show that she was aware of it. Louise Mary, on the other hand, was of the quiet beauty type; a rather pensive girl, with a tendency towards spiritual things. And as is always the case—the world summed it all up in one sentence: Mary Ann would end in a fine marriage; Louise Mary would enter the convent.

The world, be it known, had some reason for one of its conclusions. James Fitzmaurice, son of the wealthiest banker in town, had, at the present point of this story, for some six months been heavily smitten by the charms of Mary Ann Casey. He had met her almost accidentally one day in his father's bank; a date issued from the meeting; and since that time they had seen many shows and taken a few long drives into the country together. The world sat back and scanned the papers daily for the news of a forthcoming announcement of marriage.

Things were thus far advanced to the satisfaction of the public when James Fitzmaurice made his first call at the Casey homestead to spend a quiet evening in the bosom of her family. The evening wore on pleasantly, Mary Ann's ceaseless chatter breaking in on Mr. Casey's political harangues and Louise Mary's quiet refined offerings in the way of conversation. At the proper time James arose to go.

"There is a good show on down at the Empress this week," he said; "how would you two girls like to take it in tomorrow night?" He glanced from one to the other of them.

Mary Ann chirped an enthusiastic acquiescence. Louise Mary hung back shyly and said something about being busy the next evening. The pleasure she felt at the thought of accepting, however, was only too visible in her sparkling eyes.

"You'll have to come along," he said immediately, "you see, I've got three tickets; I was going with Mother and Dad, but they have been dated up since for a banquet some place or other. So we'll make it a party of three anyway."

Without further ado the subject was changed, and the three-

cornered date was taken as accepted. Standing on the steps of the house as he took his leave Fitzmaurice made a final reference to it.

"Don't forget—tomorrow evening at eight. Both of you. Good-bye and good-night."

Almost casually it was settled thus, and they went to the show together. James was at his best as an entertainer between the acts and afterwards, and Mary Ann did the honors for her sister, possessively indicating to her that she was doing the treating in conjunction with her boy friend. And Louise Mary quietly took it all in and was never so happy in all her young life.

That show had far-reaching effects. They were first visible in the fact that Fitzmaurice invariably thereafter invited both girls out for the evening. Mary Ann loved her sister too well to indicate—if indeed, she felt any—jealousy or rancor at her constant company as the unnecessary party of the third part. Three may have been a crowd, but that crowd had many enjoyable times together.

Things went on in this manner for some time and the world little expected the surprise that was in store for it. Neither did Mary Ann—until one day the news had to be broken.

The twins were together in their big room—fixing up for supper when Louise Mary began to act nervous and agitated as she sat down on the silk coverlet of the bed while she watched Mary Ann apply a good measure of powder to her vivacious features. Her hands twisted nervously around and around a tiny square of handkerchief as she opened the subject that seemed so difficult to her.

"I have something to tell you, Sis," she said, in a queer voice. "Come here and sit down beside me."

Mary Ann threw a hasty glance over her shoulder and continued her facial applications.

"Aw, come on, Lou," she said, "it's not so serious as all that. What's it all about?"

Louise plunged. "Jim met me down town today by accident, and took me out to lunch." She was not looking at her sister now—but out of the window at a pair of boys steadily climbing a telephone pole towards the box near the top.

"Yes—what of it?"

"It wasn't my fault," Louise continued, "I didn't—I wouldn't have gone—if I thought—what it meant. Oh, Mary—I can't—I can't tell you."

The import of her sister's words began to dawn on Mary Ann. She sat down quietly near her sister and put her arm around her. Louise Mary began to cry—clinging to Mary Ann like a little child.

"Don't worry, Sis," soothed Mary Ann, "perhaps I know all about it. Did he say something—something you want to tell me?"

Louise nodded. "But it's going to hurt you—and I'd rather die than give you any pain. . . . He told me—he loved me—and wanted to marry me."

There was a long silence. The two boys out in the street had reached the box and were tinkering with it. The clock on the table clicked smoothly—regularly. Louise Mary was sobbing half aloud—guiltily realizing how she had been the cause of wounding the sister whom she loved so well. For a moment Mary Ann thought her heart was breaking, but she fought with the lump in her throat and the tears that were near her eyes as she had never fought before. Only she could have won the victory that was finally hers.

She bent her head down and kissed her sister's cheek and began to wipe away the tears that had marked little dark lines down her powdered face.

"Is that all?" she said, and in her words there was not a trace of the bitter pain that was in her heart. "Why, congratulations, Lou! . . . I'll be bridesmaid at your wedding!"

II.

On the day Mrs. James Fitzmaurice and her husband returned from a European honeymoon, Mary Ann Casey had entered the convent at Maryglen as a postulant. Her bright face made a pretty setting for the postulant's veil, but her friends said she looked "terribly" out of place in the staid longish dark dress that she wore until she was permitted to don the pure white garb of the novices.

Various were the predictions among her friends regarding the length of time she would stay there shut out from the world and all the things she had loved so well. Some gave her about three weeks; a few thought she might last about six months; and the conservatives said that it would take at least a year for her to get over her disappointment in love and come back to her senses. The year rolled by, with its six months' postulancy and the first six months of her Novitiate, and Mary Ann Casey, now Sister Genevieve, was still at Maryglen.

Regarding her own state of mind, things were not, during that first

year of probation, in so uncertain and unsettled a state as the world believed. She had always secretly aspired, rather half-heartedly, it is true—to this kind of life; there was a deep strain of spirit of sacrifice in her character that no one would have guessed, and so she was happier than the world would ever have thought of realizing.

It was her spirit of sacrifice that carried her through. She missed the world, and admitted that she missed it. She missed the gay times, the parties, the dances, the shows—but whenever such feelings came over her, she went to the little romanesque chapel, with its spotless altars and its pretty shrines and twinkling vigil lights and laid new sacrifices on the altar of God. And she always came away with a new happiness and fresh realization of the romantic beauty of the life she was choosing.

But no one passes through a religious novitiate without meeting some storm or struggle that makes the prize worthy of attainment. Sister Genevieve's began at the opening of the second half of her probation. It took a queer shape—as such things almost always do; the shape of a dogged worry that might easily have come to her much earlier in her religious career, but was mercifully saved until now she was more ready to combat it.

A heavy sense of her unfitness for the convent began to pall on her, arising out of the fact that she had made it a sort of second choice as her path in life. She read something one day about the religious life being the highest possible vocation—and only deserved by those who gave up from the beginning all desire and longing for the comforts and pleasures of life in the world. Immediately came the thought—she had wanted with all her heart to live in the world; would have married and been settled down there long ago if something had not happened to change her plan—and she had come to the convent only after that first dream had been brought to a sudden close. Hence she was unworthy of the high state of life she was seeking to lead.

For days and weeks and even months the thought followed and persecuted her and made a torture of all the things that before had seemed so dear. The thought wormed its way deep into her heart; and brought with it a longing for the old things she had given up. If she was not called to be a nun—then she could still go back and have those nice things and comforts of the world. And they were nice and she did like them and if only she knew—were certain—she would go back tomorrow or today and enjoy them all again.

Finally she could stand it no longer, and went one evening to her Novice-Mistress, Mother Perpetua, with her heavy burden. She found her in her room, busy drawing angels on picture cards for the children.

"I'm afraid I haven't a vocation, Mother," she said, getting to the point immediately as was her impetuous wont. "I guess I'll have to go."

"Mother Perpetua hardly looked up. "All right, Sister," she said quietly. "We can get your things ready and you can leave tomorrow if you wish."

Sister Genevieve's face turned white. The Novice Mistress' words sounded like doom to her. She stuttered and stumbled.

"Mother—" she said, "Mother! I don't know—what do you think?"

"Oh, I thought it was all settled between you and your confessor. What is the trouble, child? Are you homesick?"

"No, Mother, not that. But I'm worried so I don't know what to do." And as the kind old Mother took her hand she poured out all the story of the interior trial that had been upsetting her for the past months. When she finally finished speaking, Mother Perpetua looked at her and smiled.

"Is that all?" she asked.

"That's all."

"And you think you haven't a vocation?"

"I'm afraid so, Mother."

"Let me tell you a little story," said the Mother, slowly and thoughtfully. "Two girls once knelt before the altar and pronounced their vows. One had never known the world—had been brought up in a strict religious manner—devoted to spiritual things. The other had lived in the midst of riches and luxuries; had had everything she wished, and had been courted by a man whom everybody said would make an ideal husband. . . . The first girl left the convent after ten years. The other is still faithful."

"What does it mean?" asked Sister Genevieve, almost in a whisper.

"It simply means that the girl who knows what she is giving up can make a more perfect and lasting sacrifice than the one who is ignorant of what her sacrifice amounts to. You think you haven't a vocation. A vocation is not a tag that God pins on you—that will make the religious life the easiest thing in the world for you. No, no—it is something deep down in your own heart—and consists in a willingness and fitness and ability to give. Not to give only today or tomorrow

or the day you make your vows, but to give and sacrifice throughout your life; to give twenty years from now when perhaps the religious life will seem a hundred times as hard for you as it is today. To give day after day and year after year. You think you haven't a vocation because you did not go to God first; rather God called you just after He allowed you to see all that you might give up for Him."

For a moment they sat together in silence. A far-away look was in the older sister's eyes. She was musing to herself rather than talking to the young Novice beside her. Then she turned and asked:

"Are you willing to kneel before God and say 'I give'?"

"Oh, yes, Mother, with all my heart!"

"Then run along, foolish child, and forget about that worry of yours. You are going to be one of God's chosen ones. By the way—I know the Sister I told you about—the one who is still a nun after twenty years. She has never yet found a sacrifice too hard. They have all been joys to her."

"Oh, Mother, tell me who she is!"

Mother Perpetua took up her pencil to continue drawing. "It is I," she said with a smile. "Now go away, child, and let me finish my work."

Sister Genevieve tripped lightly down to the little chapel. There was no one there. She went up to the Communion rail and knelt before the tabernacle. Just as suddenly as the trial had come into her life—it had gone. She was almost sorry it was gone. She had nothing to offer now, but a peaceful, happy, willing heart—and whatever worries or difficulties the future might bring. She almost wished they would be many.

She made her vow that moment. Not in an elaborate form—one that perhaps only God could have recognized and understood as the perfect vow it really was. She simply said:

"My God, I give every moment of my life into Your hands. Every thought, every word, every action, every trial. Giving and sacrificing will be my joy—for Thee alone!"

The sanctuary lamp glowed steadily—flickeringly. Sister Genevieve's heart reached out and embraced the future with longing.

"I give!" she said again—and arose and left the chapel.

III.

"Poor Mary Ann."

It was a family reunion of the Caseys, part of them, that is, and the absentees all came in as meaty topics of conversation. Mary Ann supplied more than her share.

"The poor kid! First she gets thrown over by the fellow she was all but engaged to marry—and then she gets herself decoyed into the prison walls of a convent. What a hard luck story that is!" This was from Uncle Bill, who knew all about the world and convents and religion and everything, and was not afraid to say so.

"It is funny," ventured Uncle Ben, "how that sort of thing is still allowed to go on in this enlightened day and age. I believe in going to Mass and not committing murder and all that sort of thing, but I never could see this convent business. It ain't right, that's all. It's a shame." And he balanced his cigar on the arm of his chair and took a sip of the pre-war bonded beverage that the occasion had uncorked.

"They do be saying," offered Aunt Fidele, a well-informed and equally well informing spinster with a propensity towards corpulence, "that she is made to get up at five o'clock in the morning!"

"And that she ain't even allowed to listen to a radio," added Aunt Cherry.

"And that she mayn't put one foot outside the convent enclosure!" supplemented Cousin Beata.

"Oh, you don't know the half of it," Uncle Bill summed up in his deep, dogmatic bass. "From now on she's about got to live on bread and water. No more dancing, bridge playing, parties, shows, or automobile rides for her. I don't think she's even supposed to laugh."

"Cluck-cluck!" said Aunt Fidele.

"Tsit-tsit!" said Aunt Cherry.

"My gracious!" said Cousin Beata.

The world had sat in judgment on the convent and found it wanting.

IV.

The autumn leaves were still clinging gently to the branches of the trees. The western sun came through and around them and made them seem to drip with radiant color; deep red and yellow and pink and purple. Sister Genevieve sat on a bench in the convent garden awaiting the arrival of her sister on a visit.

Twenty years of religious life had left no marked traces on her features—unless, indeed, a sweet peace and mature beauty might be

called a mark. Those twenty years had passed over and left her as the passing of the bees leaves a tender flower; not with less sweetness and beauty, but with the knowledge of a stored up measure of sweetness some place where it awaited her.

Her mind wandered back to the interview she had had with her Novice Mistress twenty years before. The old nun was dead now—but her words had guided and ruled her young subject's entire life. It had fashioned and shaped her view of things in a simple and all-satisfying manner.

When her young friends had come out to see her, as come they did, in the first years of her religious life—and she had seen and wanted to envy their beautiful clothes and jewels and bright worldly possessions—she had given them all to Him to Whom she had entrusted her life. When her sister had come to see in those early days, and she had come to know how happy and contented she was with a good husband and a fine place in the world, and bright faced children around her—she had given over and over again the first sacrifice that she had made. Even when she had had a nervous, cranky superioress, who bothered and worried her all day long—she had given all the pain of it to God—and found a joy and peace in the act that she would not have traded for the wide world.

Suddenly she came out of her musing and saw three children chasing a squirrel down towards her between the trees. Behind them she spied her sister walking towards her on the lawn. She rose hastily to go and meet her.

"Oh, I have so much to tell you," said Mrs. Fitzmaurice, when the greetings and kisses were over, and they were seated on the bench. "It seems ages since I've seen you."

Looking at them now, you would hardly have realized that these two women were the twins that so closely resembled each other in their childhood and youthful days. On Mrs. Fitzmaurice's face the twenty years that were gone had left lines of care and worry—written there by the fashions and fancies the world had led her on to follow. The passing of the years for her seemed now to have been like the passing of a storm over a fragrant flower, leaving it ruffled and changed and worn in its stricken wake.

"I've had such a time with the children," she continued. "Francis will not get up in time to go to school and I don't know what to do

with him. Edna is the best girl—everyone says she is a dear—but she's so sickly it just keeps me paying doctor bills one after the other. And Jack is still going with that Payson girl I told you about."

Sister Genevieve watched the children playing on the lawn. She loved children—how she would like to mother them! But she had given them up long ago and felt a new joy in the pain of that sacrifice.

"And James' party comes off tomorrow night and honest to goodness I'm so nervous about it I don't know what I'm going to do. The Pringles will be there and the Dimieurs and the Forsythes—and at this season it's so awfully hard to get the proper things together to make it go over. What would you do, my dear?"

Sister Genevieve was not thinking of what she would do. She was comparing things. The taking of a step—the picking up of a twig—the performing a simple little daily task—all these in the convent went up to God as prayers, and had results in the unseen world that made her thrill with an almost terrible joy. And all this rushing activity in the world—what was it for most people but the frenzied search for pleasure and pastime—unfruitful expenditure of life's golden moments!

"Why—er," she said, absent mindedly, "just do the best you can, dear. No one will expect more of you."

Mrs. Fitzmaurice rattled on with her woes and troubles. As the visit drew to a close—she put her arm around her sister and tears came unexpectedly into her eyes that made Sister Genevieve suddenly cry out in her surprise.

"Oh, Sis," said the woman of the world. "I hate to bother you with all these troubles and worries—but I have to tell someone. And you're so good and kind and happy and peaceful—you don't mind, do you? You were always my comforter—even that day way back—remember—when I told you how James loved me—and you never even cried—although I knew how it hurt you." She wandered on somewhat incoherently. "And listen, Sis,—if I had known beforehand—all that my life would mean—even with the best of husbands and everything I want—if I had known then what it would all bring to me—I wouldn't have had the heart to enter it—I wouldn't." And she wept shamelessly on the cream-white scapular that hung down over her sister's bosom. . . .

* * *

And so the House that God built stands through the ages and

bestows its blessings and protection on those who have answered His summons and found shelter there. But there are vacant rooms in the house that God built—rooms that will never know the occupants for whom they were destined. Rooms that are silent and dark at night—when the world seems on fire with the bright lights of pleasure seekers and worldlings—and those who have been called but would not kneel down before God and say "I give!"

How deep and sincere and heartfelt was Sister Genevieve's thankfulness to God that night after her sister came to visit her—that her room in the House of God was not vacant—and that her heart was beating itself out—stroke for stroke—in unison with the Sacred Heart with Whom she dwelt!

PRESENCE OF GOD

The Abbot Alois once said: "Unless a man say in his heart, 'Only God and I are in this world,' he will not find rest."

That is the Christian's mainstay, the Christian's strength, the Christian's happiness—the presence of God near him every moment of his life. How beautifully our own popular Catholic patriot, Joyce Kilmer expressed it, when he wrote back to America from the front in the World War: "Pray for me . . . that I may love God more and be unceasingly conscious of Him. That is the only desire that I have."

MAKING TIME SHORT

Miss Florence Emerson, writing in *Asia Magazine* of the leper colony in Culion, Philippine Islands, tells of the heroic work of the Sisters and Fathers there.

"A feeling of awe came over me as I watched the Sisters of the Order of St. Paul of Chartres going quietly about their work. The life of one of them, I remember, fell into clean halves before me at a chance word. She had been at the penal colony of French Guiana, then she had come to Culion. I asked how long she had been at Culion.

"Eleven years," she answered.

I could think of nothing to say except that it was a very long time.

"No," she replied, steadily, 'not when one has one's work to do.'

Catholic Anecdotes

MORE IMPORTANT THINGS

Working in a coal mine in this country, says a report from England, is at the present time one of the worst-paid as well as hardest jobs to be found. But Patrick Kelly, a Bowhill (Scotland) Catholic miner prefers it to \$30 a week and a part in a play which some passages against the teaching of the Church.

Kelly is coach of the Bowhill Village Players, a group of miners and their wives. His training brought them success wherever they performed for the benefit of the soup kitchen funds in the distressed mining districts, and a wellknown artist decided to finance a long tour.

Kelly was offered a part, but when the script of one of the plays arrived, he found that an incident dealing with the sex question had been introduced. He asked the author to omit it, and when he refused, Kelly sent the script back.

When a friend pointed out that he was rejecting a good opportunity, Kelly answered:

"There are some things more important than economic security."

"CHRIST HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH IT"

One day Sally's English teacher (at the State University) asked for a thesis upon the causes and cure of crime. Crime! Well, it may be a proper study for those who are seventeen to study. Those who are seventeen commit it! Sally knew in a way about theft and forgery and such. She knew the causes and she knew the cure. So, tense-lipped and with nimble fingers she wrote her thesis. The gist of it was: "The lack of knowledge of Jesus Christ and the non-church attendance of the present day generation are the causes of crime,—the coming back to Jesus Christ is its cure."

Her paper was returned to her with the notation, heavily underscored: "Christ has nothing to do with it."

—Mary H. Kennedy, in *America*.

Pointed Paragraphs

ILLUSTRATING PAPAL INDEPENDENCE

It was, of course, inevitable, remarks the Portland Catholic Sentinel, that the conclusion of an agreement between the Italian Government and the Vatican, by which the sovereignty of the Pope is recognized, would throw religious fanatics in the United States into a show of frenzy. The assertion of these rabid bigots that a free Pope is a menace to civil liberty in the world, will occasion only derision.

However, there are many non-Catholics who, while not sharing the forebodings of the fanatics over a "free" Pope, may be sincerely inclined to doubt the wisdom from the religious standpoint of the head of a church being allowed to exercise sovereignty over any territory, however small. They may—and undoubtedly many of them do—hold the opinion that the head of a great church would be stronger if he exercised merely spiritual sovereignty and had no temporal power. It has not been made clear to them that freedom from the restraints which may be exercised by any temporal ruler is absolutely essential to the exercise of spiritual sovereignty.

What happens when spiritual sovereignty is restrained by a temporal ruler is well illustrated by existing conditions in England. As is well known, the Anglican church in England is the established church. The king of England is the head of the church as well as of the state, and, England being a constitutional monarchy, the parliament rules both. Some time ago the hierarchy of the Anglican church thought that the Book of Prayer should be revised, and the revision was ordered, but the English parliament refused to give its consent. Nevertheless, the hierarchy went ahead with the revision.

This flaunting of the authority of parliament by the hierarchy occasioned a great stir throughout the country. In the house of commons the charge was made that the conduct of the churchmen in defying parliament was treason. Parliament rejected the new prayer book, but the hierarchy was not entirely subdued. It was decided by the bishops to publish the prayer book, notwithstanding the action of parliament,

with a statement that its publication does not imply, directly or indirectly, that it is "sanctioned for use in the churches."

The bishop of Truro, however, went further. He authorized the use of the revised prayer book for public use. For this action he has been denounced as disloyal to the king.

The controversy raging in England over the prayer book situation, the hierarchical subterfuge and the bad feeling engendered between clericals and statesman—harmful undoubtedly to both the church and the state is directly due to the subordination of the ecclesiastical authority to the authority of the state. It is to avoid such unseemly complications that the popes have always insisted upon the recognition of their spiritual sovereignty. It is true that for a while the spiritual sovereignty was more or less complicated by the question of temporal power—that is to say, the exercise by the Pope of civil authority over territory of considerable extent with many subjects.

But happily in the new agreement just consummated between the Italian government and Pope Pius XI., this complication has been removed so far as practical purposes are concerned, for the territory over which the Pope will rule in the future is too small to justify the statement that he has practically surrendered temporal power. The papal territory will suffice only for sovereignty unhampered and unrestrained by temporal considerations, his moral influence in the world probably will be far greater than it would have been had all the papal states been restored to him.

STRANGE LOGIC

"Because the Pope is Temporal Ruler of the Vatican City, all American Catholics owe him temporal allegiance."

This is the way some otherwise respectable papers argue editorially since the recent settlement of the Roman Question. One would hardly believe it possible; it is so absurd on the face of it.

The very fact that the Pope is temporal sovereign of the Vatican City, it seems quite plain, means that he is not, and does not claim to be, temporal sovereign of any other piece of property; it means quite plainly, that, everybody that lives in the Vatican City is his subject in temporal matters, nobody else is.

That was the very idea of the treaty, to free the Catholics who

dwelt in lands by right and formerly also by fact subject in temporal matters to the Pope, from any such allegiance,—to fix their allegiance clearly and in conscience to the Italian Government.

And if Italian Catholics are not under temporal allegiance to the Pope—not even those who dwell in lands once the Pope's own by sovereign right,—how much less are Catholics in the United States and in any other part of the world, for all that, under obligation of temporal allegiance to the Holy Father?

Why will not some papers and magazines,—secular and Protestant,—see into these simple facts?

WHERE THE REAL DANGER LIES

People,—certain ones,—like to prate about over-population. They are so afraid there will not be enough air for us all, and particularly for themselves, to breathe, that they want to keep down the population.

So again,—over-population, over-population. And you look at the crowds and perhaps you think they are right. It is said so often; it is shouted so loud; it is said with that dogmatic air that, despite their hatred for all dogma, scientists and near-scientists like to affect.

Now comes an expert in social statistics,—B. R. Kuszyński, of the Institute of Economics, writing in *Foreign Affairs* for October, 1928, and he tells us that the real danger is not over-population, but that the population may die out. He gives his figures and they look quite significant. In 1880 the average number of children per family for Western and Northern Europe was about 4.5. In 1927, the average was 2.2. In America things are no better. What will the next ten years bring at that rate?

But that is no worry to those who keep God's laws.

JOIN THIS FRATERNITY

"The essential point of this vital Present," writes Sister Miriam Teresa, "is that we make a good selection of the friends with whom we shall converse forever. Of course, none of us desires to be seen together with those frowned on by the elite,—the elect ones of God who choose Him as their everlasting portion while they lived here below.

"It is a very select club,—this class of the Saints, more select than the Delta Gamma's or the Phi Beta Kappa's, or whatever else they

may call themselves. The fraternity of the Saints is the Alpha Omega fraternity,—the first and the last in point of excellence and endurance. It has its own kind of initiation and meetings. And a 'frat pin' too. A little different from the ordinary 'frat pin', which, made of gold and precious stones and a chain and a guard, lasts in its primal beauty for a while, and then the gold tarnishes and the jewels drop out or the ornament is lost altogether.

"No. This emblem of the Saints is worn by all being initiated here on earth; this 'frat pin', a cross, shaped of a sprig of thorn, becomes only in eternity an ornament revealed in its true splendor, formed of the gold of charity, encrusted with the diamond of faith, the emerald of hope, the pearl of purity, the amethyst of sorrow and mortification, the ruby of courage, the bloodstone of desire, the turquoise of watchfulness. Such is the 'frat pin' of the great Founder Who was nailed to a tree

"If we aspire to share the life of the blessed hereafter, how can we hope to do so understandingly, if during our period of initiation, the hour appointed for this one special purpose, we fail to acquire at least a working knowledge of their language?"

Their language is the language of prayer.

A RECIPE FOR A HAPPY LIFE

Take a large quantity of Cheerfulness and let it simmer without stopping. Put with it a brimming basinful of Kindness,—then add a full measure of Thought for other people. Mix into these a heaping tablespoon of Sympathy. Flavor with essence of Charity. Stir well together and then carefully strain off any grains of Selfishness. Let the whole be served with Love sauce and Fruit of the Spirit.

IMMORTALITY

Nothing is written so plainly on the heart of man as the doctrine of immortality. The capacity that is there for perfect joy and lasting peace—and the sorrow and suffering that this earthly life brings upon it places the truth of immortality only in stronger relief against the passing shadows and fleeting visions of all things earthly.

"I think," says the poor dying factory-girl in the tale, North and South, "if this should be the end of all, and if all I have been born for

is just to work my heart and life away, and to sicken in this dreary place, with those mill-stones in my ear forever, until I could scream out for them to stop and let me have a little piece of quiet, and with the fluff filling my lungs, until I thirst to death for one long, deep breath of the clear air, and my mother gone, and I never able to tell her again how I loved her, and of all my troubles,—I think, if this life is the end, and that there is no God to wipe away all tears from all eyes, I could go mad!"

And Thackeray expresses the same divine truth in reference to the loves that dwell in human hearts:

"If love lives through all life; and survives through all sorrow; and remains steadfast with us through all changes; and in all darkness of spirit burns brightly; and, if we die, deplores us for ever, and loves still equally; and exists with the very last gasp and throb of the faithful bosom—whence it passes with the pure soul, beyond death; surely it shall be immortal! Though we who remain are separated from it, is it not ours in heaven? If we love still those we lose, can we altogether lose those we love?"

GOD EXISTS A MOST NATURAL TRUTH

I heard Dr. Will Durant speak last winter. He told us about his little girl who one day commenced to question him about God and heaven.

"Are there angels in the air, daddy?" she asked him.

"Not that I know of," he answered.

"Is God in the sky, daddy?" she went on.

"Not that I know of," he replied.

A bit later he found upon his desk a childish scrawl saying what his daughter would do when she was big.

"I will put God in the sky and angels in the air."

—*Mary H. Kennedy*, in *America*, Aug. 25, 1928, 469.

Culture does not make a "gentleman." Some cabbages grow very large.

What you attain by chance you soon tire of; what you gain by effort you appreciate.

Our Lady's Page

The Story of Perpetual Help

Chap. VIII. THE BIRTHPLACE OF PERPETUAL HELP

C. A. SEIDEL, C.Ss.R.

"In the midst of Great Jupiter's sea,
the Isle of Crete reclines."

In these words the poet Virgil saw pictured the beautiful Isle of Crete, set, like a jewel, in the blue waters of the Mediterranean Sea. Today, however, that part of the Mediterranean Sea, which is near the coast of Greece, is more properly known as the Aegean Sea, and Crete is its largest island. Not unfrequently has this island been called "Candia," from its capital city which was built by the Saracens on its northern shores.

From the earliest times Crete was inhabited, and quite populous too. Homer sang of the isle "of a hundred cities;" and Horace hailed it as "mighty with its hundred cities," or "great with its hundred towns." Strangers might have been attracted to the island by the fertility of its plains; thus it was commonly called "pinguis" or the fertile island. Fertile for crops, it was none the less fruitful of false religions, and several forms of pagan worship there sprung into existence. But when the fulness of time had come, and the light of truth began to shed its beneficent rays over the face of the earth, some also fell upon the island of Crete, putting to flight the dark clouds of pagan superstition that had covered the land. The joyful tidings of the New Gospel first echoed in their land, most likely, from their own kinsmen, who, as we read in the Acts of the Apostles, were present in Jerusalem on that initial Pentecost, when, inspired by the flaming tongues of the Holy Spirit, the Apostles boldly and publicly proclaimed the wonderful works of God; they spoke in such a manner that all who were present—among whom were the Cretans—heard and understood them, each in his own tongue. Before three decades had elapsed since the Resurrection of Christ, the ship, that was to bear the prisoner of Christ, St.

Paul, to Rome, was by Divine Providence, driven against the rocky shores of Crete. Knowing St. Paul as we do, we cannot but believe that he spent his time of delay, instructing the inhabitants more profoundly in the doctrines of Christ. Some years later, when returning from Spain to Palestine, he took up his abode with them for many days, and at his departure, appointed St. Titus to rule the island as bishop. Soon this ocean isle, likened formerly to a desert waste on account of its idolatrous worship of false gods and evil spirits, budded forth and blossomed like a lily. It seemed as if the prophetic words of Isaias had literally come true: "The land that was desolate and impassable shall be glad, and the wilderness shall rejoice, and shall flourish like the lily—For they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the beauty of our God."

But the glory that was Crete was not to last, for when, in the eighth century, Leo, the Isaurian, transferred, by an act as unjust as it was wicked, the island of Crete from the Patriarchate of Rome to that of Constantinople, evils, even worse than those which followed in the wake of its subjugation to Saracens in 823, arose, drenching the land in misery and misfortune. The Saracens, it is true, burdened them with physical ills, but greater was their plight when Photius and Michael Caerularius, by their most wicked schism, cut them off from the source of all spiritual life—the Church of Rome. Now they refused obedience to the Pope; they spurned his counsels; they mocked his decrees. It must be said to their praise, however, that, during all these years of separation, they have never lost their devotion to the Mother of God; and this it is, which engenders in us the hope that a day of reconciliation with the Church of Rome will finally dawn.

"At the time with which our narrative is concerned—the latter part of the fifteenth century—Crete was subject to the great Republic of Venice. The Venetians—masters of the island since 1204—had raised Crete to a high degree of material prosperity.

"During this period of Venetian domination there were several pictures of the Blessed Virgin held in great veneration throughout the island. The most celebrated was kept in the cathedral of Candia, which was dedicated to St. Titus, the first Bishop of Creto. In February, 1264, when long years of strife and bloodshed were ended by a treaty made between the Venetians and the Cretans these latter gave their pledge of fidelity to the Republic of Venice in the presence of this

picture, which, in the Greek language, was entitled *Messopanditissa*, or *Mediatrice of peace between two parties*. To add more solemnity and binding-force to this treaty of peace, the image was born in procession through the streets of the city; followed by all the people, both Cretans and Venetians. We do not know whether the beautiful title of *Messopanditissa* was given to the picture because of this occurrence, or was the original designation of the venerated image. Centuries later, when the Venetians were compelled to deliver up to the Turk the island over which they had exercised regal sway for more than 500 years, a most touching scene took place. On September 6, 1669, when the brave soldier Francesco Morisini Peloponessiano was taking his departure from Candia after having sustained the longest siege (lasting over 20 years) and one of the most courageous recorded in modern history, he took with him the picture of the loving *Messopanditissa*. He was accompanied in his return to Venice by all the survivors of the besieged city, men, women, and children, who could not bear to be separated from their beloved mother. By order of the Venetian Senate, the picture was placed over the high altar in the church of Our Lady, Health of the Sick. And there in the Queen City of the Adriatic this historic picture is still an object of pious devotion under the title of *Our Lady of Crete*, or *Our Lady of St. Titus*.

"Another celebrated Madonna of Crete was known as *Cardiotessa*, or *Our Lady of the Loving Heart*. This image was venerated in Lassithi, a town that was regarded as important because of the strongly fortified position it occupied. However, at the same time that Crete lost the *Messopanditissa*, the *Cardiotessa*, was destroyed by the savage fury of the Turkish invaders.

"That the picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Help deserves to be numbered among the celebrated images of Crete, cannot be doubted. It is true, we do not know in what part of the island or under what title it was revered. Yet we do know from ancient documents which state that 'A merchant of Crete took from one of the churches of the island this miraculous Picture of the Blessed Virgin,' that our Picture was the divine instrument of many miraculous favors, and that fact was sufficient to insure for it wide-spread veneration. Even at the present day, in different parts of Crete are found ancient pictures, similar to ours, which are invoked under various titles and held in the highest esteem. For example, in the schismatic cathedral of Retimo,

there is a painting, identical in every respect with ours, save that it is somewhat larger. It is entitled *Our Lady of the Angels*, and is honored even by the Turks, who bring oil for a lamp placed before it. Another picture of the same type is venerated in the Greek cathedral at Corfu as *The Immaculate Lady*. At Venice, there is a picture like ours in the church of St. Nicholas of Tolentino, whither it was brought from the island of Zante, and another in the church of St. Nicholas of Bari, where it forms the central panel of a very ancient triptych."—F. J. Connell, C. Ss.R.

In fact, sister pictures of Perpetual Help are to be found throughout Europe, Asia, and Africa. To these countries they went, no doubt, from the island of Crete, whose central situation rendered the distribution of these pictures easy and practical.

Add to all this, that Crete had her own school of painters on Mount Athos, who painted "in the Cretan style," and of whom one might have been the author of our Picture; and that Crete especially abounded in the *Lapis Lazuli*—a stone from which is made that deep, rich, blue which we so much admire in our Lady's robe.

Crete, then, was the Birthplace of Perpetual Help. There it was that its grand thought was conceived, and immortalized in colors. And there it would have remained even unto this day, perhaps, had not our Lady become displeased with the Cretans on account of their long, open, and obstinate rebellion against Christ's Vicar on earth, the Pope of Rome. But even as of old there went forth from the plains of Judea the Christ to dwell in all the tabernacles of the world, so too there went forth from the island of Crete the Picture of Perpetual Help, whose reproductions were to dot the face of the earth, even as the stars dot the face of the sky.

ITEMS FROM NEW ORLEANS

"Dear Fathers: I am writing to acknowledge another favor granted to me through the Novenna to Our Lady of Perpetual Help in your Church recently.

My son had not been to his duties for four years. In spite of my tears and my prayers he showed no disposition to return to his Faith which he declared he had lost.

Christmas day I received a letter from him—(telegraph greetings)—telling me that he had been to Holy Communion that morning.

In a later letter he said that he was very happy.

I attribute this primarily to the intercession of Our Mother of Perpetual Help, and I beg that you will add my humble thanksgiving to those already received in her honor."

* * *

"Dear Father: Enclosed please find \$1.00 for a Mass in honor of Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

I have been out of employment for some time and promised a Mass if I should find a position. I have found a place and hope everything will prove satisfactory.

Thanks to Christ Our King and Our Lady of Perpetual Help."

* * *

"Reverend Father: I had lost my voice for three months; had been going to the doctor ever since. Sunday I started a Novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help and today—Friday—I went to the doctor as usual. When I came home I could talk! I know it was my faith in Our Lady of Perpetual Help that helped me regain my voice."

* * *

"Dear Father: During the last Novena to Our Lady of Perpetual Help I placed a number of petitions in the Petition Box two of which were granted some time ago and another more recently—the last having to do with a promotion long due but only now conferred. Thanks to Our Lady of Perpetual Help."

* * *

Miami Beach, Fla.

Dear Father: On July 14th, I wrote the following lines and placed them at your altar in St. Alphonsus Church, New Orleans:

"Please help me in securing work in my undertaking." I was then preparing to leave for Miami, Florida.

On September 17th I left N. O. for Miami; on Sept. 23rd I secured a position, which I am still holding.

"Dear Mother of Perpetual Help: I wish to thank you for your help and blessings. I should have written this acknowledgment long ago. Please forgive me for my negligence.

"Please continue to help me and continue to pray for your son who loves you."

Trials borne without resignation are a weight to the wings of our prayers.

Catholic Events

In order that all the faithful might share in the joy of his sacerdotal jubilee,—the 50th anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood, our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, by a bulletin issued January 6, of this year, promulgated an extraordinary Jubilee for the whole Catholic world. He declares that in doing this he is following the example of some of his predecessors, who accorded the same favor either to obtain God's extraordinary help in difficult times, or to thank Him for signal favors received.

Such an extraordinary Jubilee differs in many respects from an ordinary Jubilee such as is celebrated at the dawn of a century. But we need not enter into that matter now. We wish simply to examine the conditions prescribed for gaining the indulgences and for rightly sharing in the celebration of this year's extraordinary Jubilee.

1. Time. The Jubilee of 1929 commenced January 6, the date of the promulgation of the decree, and lasts till December 31, inclusively.

During this year one may gain the Jubilee Indulgence and the other accessory indulgences, for oneself or for the souls in Purgatory, as often as one fulfills the prescribed good works.

But one may avail himself of the special powers granted to confessors only once.

2. The Jubilee Indulgence and the special accessory indulgences:

a) The Jubilee Indulgence is a plenary indulgence. It does not differ from ordinary plenary indulgences, except in this, that, there is greater probability of gaining its fruits, by reason of the better disposition aroused in the faithful by the fulfilling of the prescribed good works, and by reason of the united prayer and penance of the entire Church.

b) His Holiness had added to the Jubilee Indulgence several other indulgences:

1) An indulgence of seven years and seven times forty days for every visit to the Blessed Sacrament, provided prayer is offered for the intention of the Holy Father.

2) A plenary indulgence, under the ordinary conditions, for those who make such a visit every day for a week.

N. B.—By the "ordinary conditions" are meant here, confession and communion. But to gain this accessory indulgence, a special confession is not required for those who are wont to go to confession at least every two weeks, or who go to Communion almost every day.

3) Priests, celebrating Mass, can every day apply to a certain soul in Purgatory, a plenary indulgence.

3. The Conditions for Gaining the Indulgence of the Jubilee:

Five conditions are prescribed: visits to specified churches; two

days of fast and abstinence; a confession; a Communion; and an alms.

a) The Visits to the Churches:

1) If the visits are made in procession by a congregation, the Bishop can fix the number of visits to be made and the manner in which they are to be made.

2) If made individually, six visits are prescribed, two in each of three churches or public oratories, determined by the Bishop of the diocese. If there are only two churches in the place, three visits must be made in each of the two churches; and if there is only one church, six visits are required in that church.

3) These visits may be made on the same day, or on different days; they may be made in the same place or in different places, provided they are made in each place in the churches determined for the Jubilee visits by the local Bishop.

4) At each visit a prayer must be offered for the intentions of the Holy Father. Five Our Father's and five Hail Mary's, or any prayer equivalent to that, are surely sufficient.

Among the intentions which the Holy Father has in mind at this time, he emphasizes especially two: the renewal of fervor in Christian life by an increase of faith, and a greater conformity of conduct with the Gospel Precepts.

b) The Fast and Abstinence Days.

1) To gain the Jubilee Indulgence two days of fast and abstinence are prescribed. They may be consecutive days or not.

2) They must, however, be special days, apart from the days of fast and abstinence prescribed by the Church.

3) They are to be observed according to the ordinary laws of the Church for fasting and abstinence.

c) Sacramental Confession.

a) It must be a confession not prescribed under sin,—that is distinct from the annual confession necessary for the Easter duty;

b) Naturally, it must be a good confession.

d) Holy Communion:

1) The Easter Communion cannot be applied for this indulgence.

2) It goes without saying, it must be a good Communion.

e) An Alms:

1) It should be proportioned to the means and the piety of each individual,—determined upon advice from the confessor;

2) It should be given to some pious cause. The Holy Father recommends especially works for the propagation and preservation of the Faith.

3) Though an alms given to some poor person would seem to be sufficient, the recommendation of the Holy Father would seem to favor the giving of the alms to some work for the propagation and preservation of the Faith,—such as, the Holy Childhood Association, Seminaries for native clergy, Catholic schools, Missionary associations, or some home or foreign mission.

4. Dispensations from the Required Conditions:

1) If just and reasonable causes prevent any of the faithful from

performing all or any one of the prescribed works, they need simply explain the matter to their confessor, and he can prescribe instead other good works that are within the power of the penitent.

2) They cannot dispense entirely from any work, but must prescribe some other good work in place of any that is impossible for the individual.

3) The confessor can do this every time that their penitents wish to gain the jubilee indulgence.

5. Special Powers Given to Confessors.

During the Jubilee year the Holy Father concedes special powers to confessors, of which the faithful can avail themselves only once.

6. Special Regulations for Religious.

1) As long as they have no reason for a dispensation, they are obliged to fulfill the same conditions as lay people.

2) If they have a reasonable motive for a dispensation from all or from some of the prescribed works, they should normally ask it

a) from their immediate superior, if he be a priest;

b) or from a priest who has jurisdiction over them in the external forum, if their immediate superior is not a priest.

3) In case of necessity,—that is,—for gaining the Jubilee indulgence the first time and it is inconvenient to get a dispensation in the normal way, the ordinary or extraordinary or even the occasional confessor can give the necessary commutation.

7. Conclusion. We must always bear in mind that the chief condition for gaining the indulgence is a sincere and true sorrow for our sins. Even an attachment to the least venial sin will hinder the entire winning of the fruit of the Jubilee Indulgence. But so great is the favor put within our grasp during this year of jubilee, that we should all try to gain it not only once but as often as we can.

As is clear, the determination of some of the conditions,—such as the churches to be visited,—depends on the decision of the local Bishop. For this reason we must await his action. The various diocesan papers will surely communicate such decisions, and for this reason again, it becomes clear, that a Catholic paper should be in every Catholic home.

* * *

The long expected split between the Calles and Obregon wings of the Mexican revolutionary party broke out on March 2. Three generals, J. M. Aguirre at Vera Cruz, Francisco Manzo in Sonora, and J. G. Escobar in the center, revolted with their troops.

All information obtainable regarding the revolt in Mexico indicates clearly that the origin of the rebellion was due entirely to dissatisfaction within the military forces of the government, and that Catholics as such were not involved in it in any way.

This is made still clearer by the fact that Roberto Cruz, one of the rebel leaders, is one of the bitterest persecutors of the Catholic Church in Mexico. He was in charge of the federal prison at the time of the execution of Father Pro.

Some Good Books

Among pamphlets recently published special mention is due the following which deserve a place in church book-racks:

Stations of the Way of the Cross. Edition with Franciscan Text and the beautiful colored illustrations by Bro. Max Schmalzl, C.Ss.R. Published by F. Pustet Co., New York. Price, 15c per copy; \$8.00 per hundred.

Hints to Happiness for the Sick, Especially for Patients in Hospitals. By Rev. T. Hegemann, S.J. Published by The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 10c per copy; \$7.00 per hundred. Pastors, Superiors of Hospitals, Members of St. Vincent de Paul Conferences, nurses, would do well to look at this pamphlet; they may wish to give it or recommend it to sufferers.

The Story of Tarcisius. By Rev. C. S. Matthews, O.M.I. Published by St. Joseph Industrial Press, Trichinopoly. This is not the story of the well-known boy martyr; it is the record of a conversion, however, equally interesting. It will be welcomed by Mission Societies.

The True Basis of Christian Solidarity. The Liturgy an Aid to the Solution of the Social Question. By Rev. M. B. Hellriegel and Rev. A. A. Jasper. Published by the Central Bureau of the Central Verein, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 12c per copy; \$6.25 per hundred. A very interesting and convincing paper.

Christ and Women. By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. Published by the Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo. Price, 10c per copy; \$7.00 per hundred. An eloquent and inspiring chapter on Christ's dealings with women during His earthly life as well as today. It is well calculated to raise and keep high, ideals of womanhood.

Catechetical Classes for Public School Catholics. By Rev. Joseph J. Mereto. Published by Our Sunday Visitor, Huntington, Ind. Price, 10c per copy; \$4.50 per hundred. This is a very timely and useful pamphlet. The statistics given for the number of Catholic chil-

dren frequenting public schools is sufficient evidence that something must be done; the means the author suggests have the value of having been tried and found successful.

Bethlehem. A Drama of the First Christmas. In three Acts. By W. M. Lamers. Published by the Catholic Dramatic Company, Sleepy Eye, Minn. Price, 50c per copy; \$4.50 per 10 copies. Royalty for permission to stage. A very sweet, devout, presentation of the Christmas Story, that can easily be acted even by school children.

St. Alphonsus. By Rev. T. A. Murphy, C.Ss.R. Published by The Catholic Depot, Pellegrini & Co., Australia. We are beginning to understand the value of stories of the Saints for our young people. The life of St. Alphonsus, so full of incident and example, sufficiently near to our own times to provide contacts with our own experiences, is one that should be more familiar to our Catholic people. Father Murphy has given us a life, complete enough to picture the saint and short enough to sell very cheaply. We recommend this pamphlet life of St. Alphonsus highly.

The Necessity and Power of Prayer. By St. Alphonsus Liguori. Published by the Australian Catholic Truth Society. This is an extract from that book of St. Alphonsus, which the Saint himself called a "golden little book." It is an instruction on prayer such as is worthy of the heart of a Saint. "If it were in my power," said the Saint, "I would distribute a copy of this book to every Catholic in the world to show him the absolute necessity of prayer for salvation."

The Redemptorists. By Rev. Thomas Donnelly, C.Ss.R. Published by the London Catholic Truth Society. In this pamphlet Father Donnelly gives in twenty pages a brief account of the history of the Redemptorist Order and a very clear and attractive description of its work and spirit.

Lucid Intervals

Willie: "Dad, are flies flies because they fly?"

Father: "I suppose so."

Willie: "Are fleas fleas because they flee?"

Father: "Sure. What of it?"

Willie: "I told teacher bees are bees because they be, and she kept me after school."

A friend of mine tried to raise hogs out here but all of the hogs died from lack of sleep. It was this way: The mud of the black land here is heavy. When it collected on the animals' tails it pulled their skins so tight they couldn't close their eyes.

An elderly lady walked into a railroad ticket office in Toronto and asked for a ticket to New York.

"Do you wish to go by Buffalo?" asked the ticket agent.

"Certainly not!" she replied; "by train, if you please!"

They were riding along a beautiful stretch of country highway. She was driving, and suddenly spied repair men climbing the telegraph poles.

"Why, Harry, just look at those men," she exclaimed. "Do they think I never drove a car before?"

There had been an auto wreck. One of the drivers climbed out in a fit of temper and strode up to a man standing on the sidewalk, thinking him to be the other driver: "Say, where the devil's your tail light?" he roared.

The innocent bystander looked up at him and replied, "What do you think I am, a lightning bug?"

Dumb: "Say, your car is stolen."

Bell: "What? I am a little deaf."

Dumb: "I say your car is stolen."

Bell: "Is that all?"

Dumb: "Well, it's all I can think of just now."

Much merriment was created last weekend by a sign in front of an ex-

clusive church. It read: "Do You Know What Hell Is?"

And underneath it in smaller letters: "Come and hear our new organist."

Boarder: "Look here! This is disgusting—I've been here over a week and I haven't had a clean towel and there never is any soap!"

Lady Helper: "Well, you've a tongue in your head, haven't you?"

Boarder: "Yes, but I'm no cat."

"Henry," said his wife a little suspiciously, "I found several pieces of paper in the pockets of that suit I sent to the cleaners. What do they mean? This one says: 'Roman Knight, Ten to One' and this one: 'Fast Flyer, Even Money' and here's another: 'Tiny Tim, Five to One,' what does it mean?"

Henry flicked the ash from his cigarette.

"I've always been interested in archeology and the early ages, haven't I? Well, those are records of lost races."

Waffles—"How did you happen to swallow your false teeth?"

Sorgum—"My wife, who drives our auto, found that she could shut the door by just leaving it open and then giving the car a sudden start."

A woman troubled with nightmares and who frequently cried out in her sleep was advised by her doctor to live with a cheerful family in order that her nerves might improve.

She accordingly advertised for a room with "a family who would not object to screaming in the night."

She received several answers and among them was one which asked: "How often would you require us to scream?"

Uncle Rastus—"Is you goin' to hang up yoh stockin' nex' Christmas, Mose?"

Mose—"Ah don' know, Uncle Rastus, Ah done hung it up las' Christmas, but all Ah got was a notice fum de Bo'hd of Health!

Redemptorist Scholarships

A scholarship is a fund the interest of which serves for the education of a Redemptorist missionary in perpetuity.

Those who have given any contribution, great or small, to the burses shall have a share in perpetuity in the daily Masses, the daily Holy Communions, and daily special prayers that shall be offered up by our professed Students for the founders and associate founders of Redemptorist Scholarships. It goes without saying that the donors are credited with their share of the works performed by the students after they have become priests.

Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (St. Joseph's Parish, Denver, Colo.).....	\$ 522.00
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help of St. Alphonsus, (Fresno, Calif.).....	1,258.50
Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help (Kansas City, Mo.)...	2,008.00
Burse of St. Joseph (Married Ladies, Rock Church, St. Louis)	2,434.82

* * *

Burse of St. Joseph, \$704.00; Burse of St. Francis Assisi, \$1,507.50; Burse of the Little Flower, \$2,965.75; Burse of St. Thomas, Apostle, \$211.00; Burse of St. Jude, \$262.50; Burse of St. Rita, \$506.00; Burse of St. Ann, \$652.00; Burse of St. Gerard, \$527.00; Burse of Holy Family, \$20.00; Burse of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, \$2,015.44; Burse of St. Peter, \$247.25; Burse of the Poor Souls, \$5,000.00; Burse of St. Alphonsus, \$43.00; Burse of St. Anthony, \$405.00; Burse of Ven. Bishop Neumann, \$2,688.27; Our Lady of Perpetual Help (Knoxville), \$1,200.00; Promoters' Burse of the Sacred Heart, \$1,712.64; Mary Gockel Burse, \$12.00; Father Nicholas Franzen Memorial Burse, \$64.63.

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